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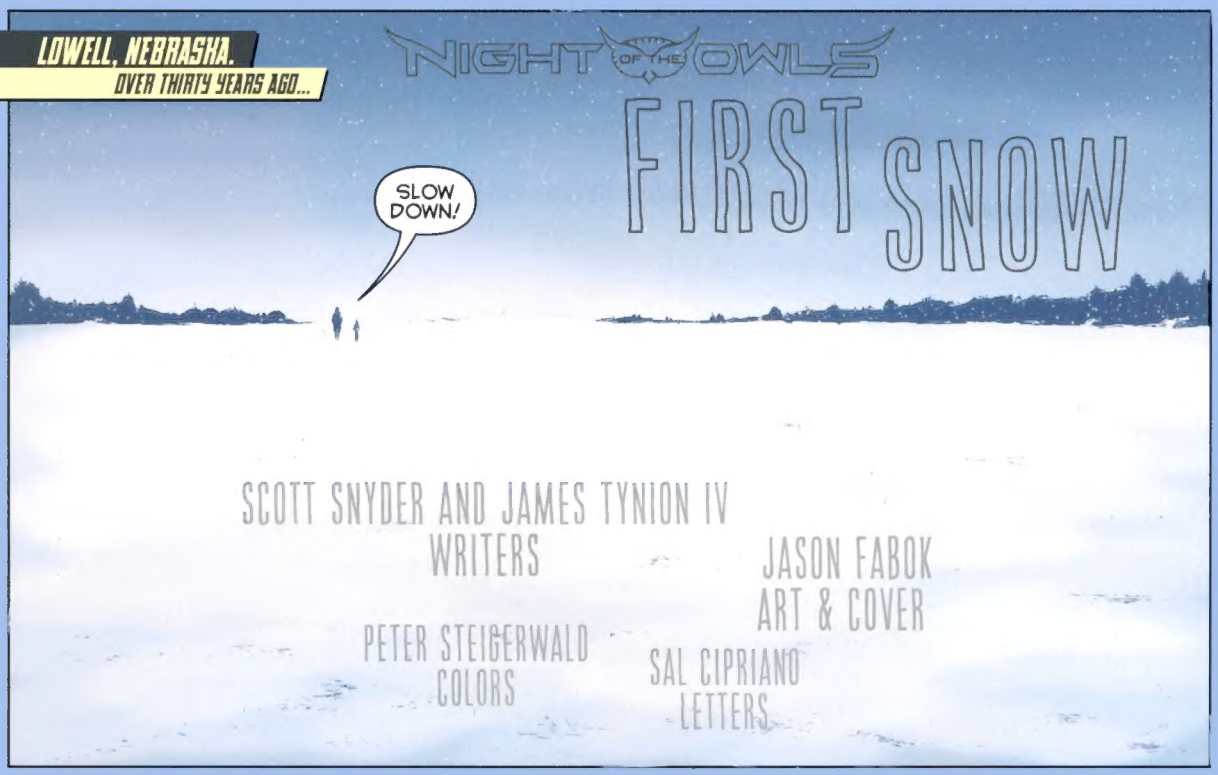
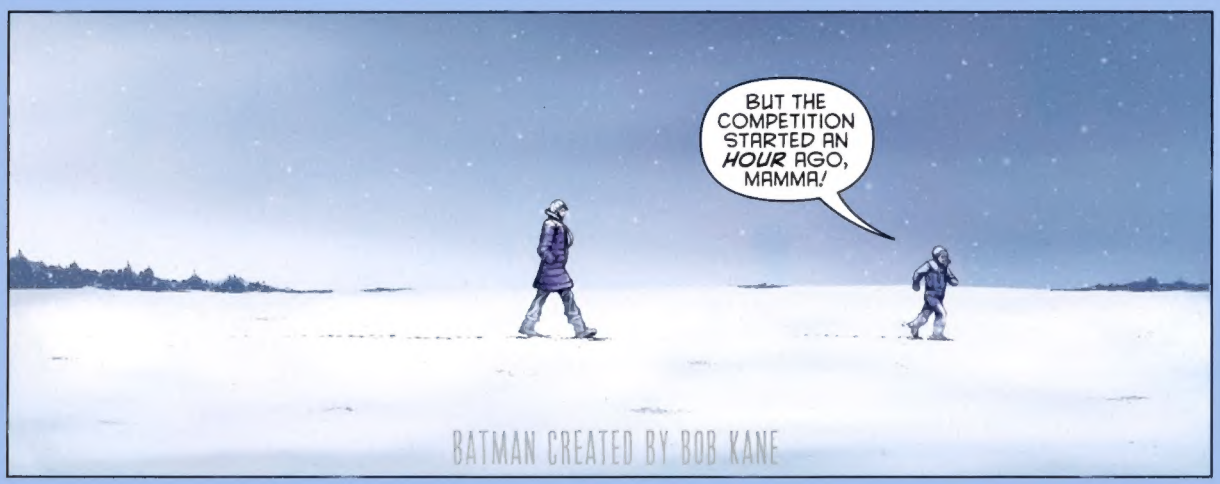
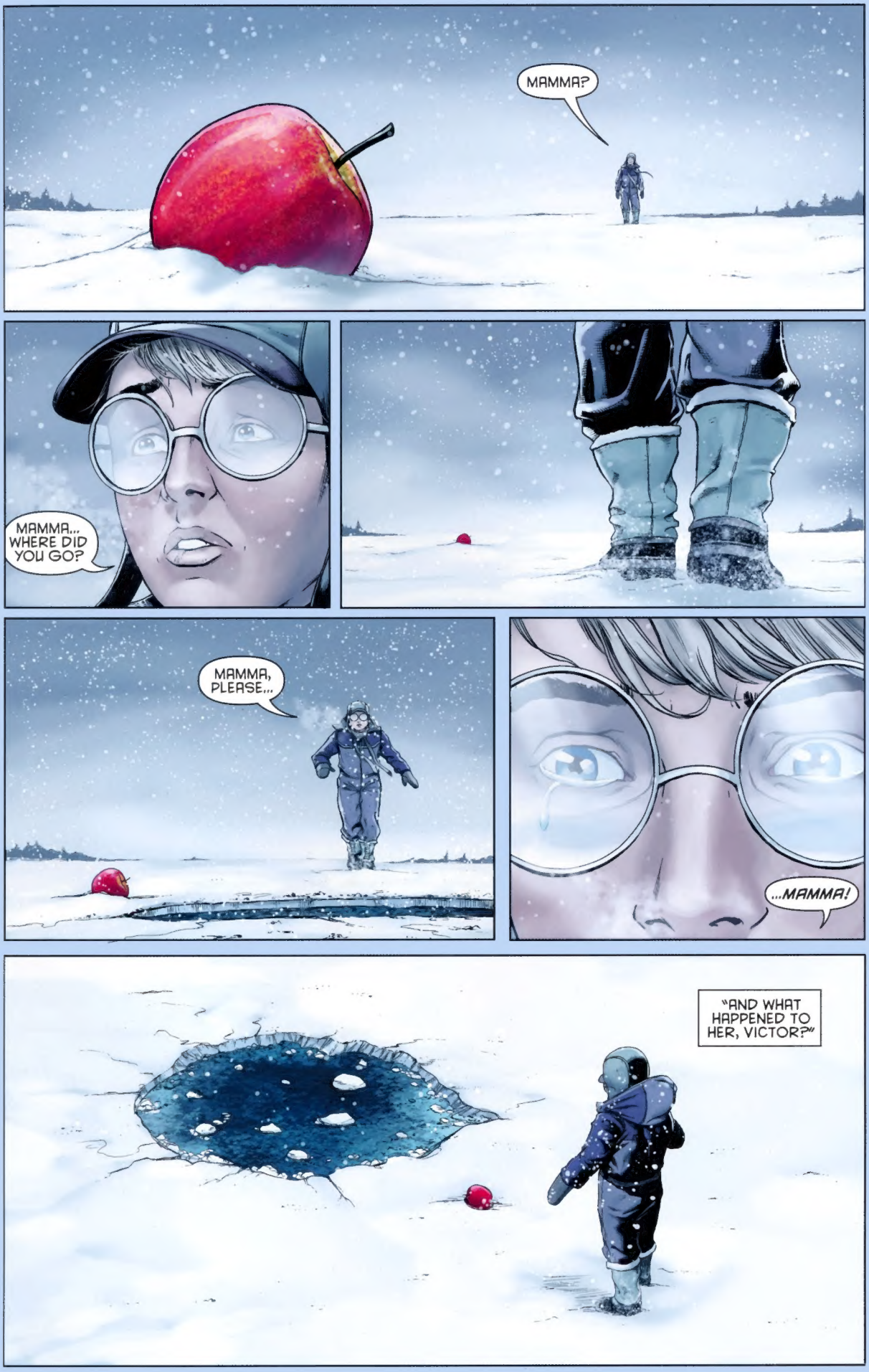

LOWELL, NEBRASKA.
OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO...
NIGHT OF THE OWLS
FIRST SNOW
SLOW DOWN!
SCOTT SNYDER AND JAMES TYNION IV
WRITERS
JASON FABOK
ART & COVER
PETER STEIGERWALD
COLORS
SAL CIPRIANO
LETTERS

VICTOR, THERE'S NO RUSH! THE SNOW'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
KATIE KUBERT ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS EDITOR


BUT THE COMPETITION STARTED AN HOUR AGO, MAMMA!
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

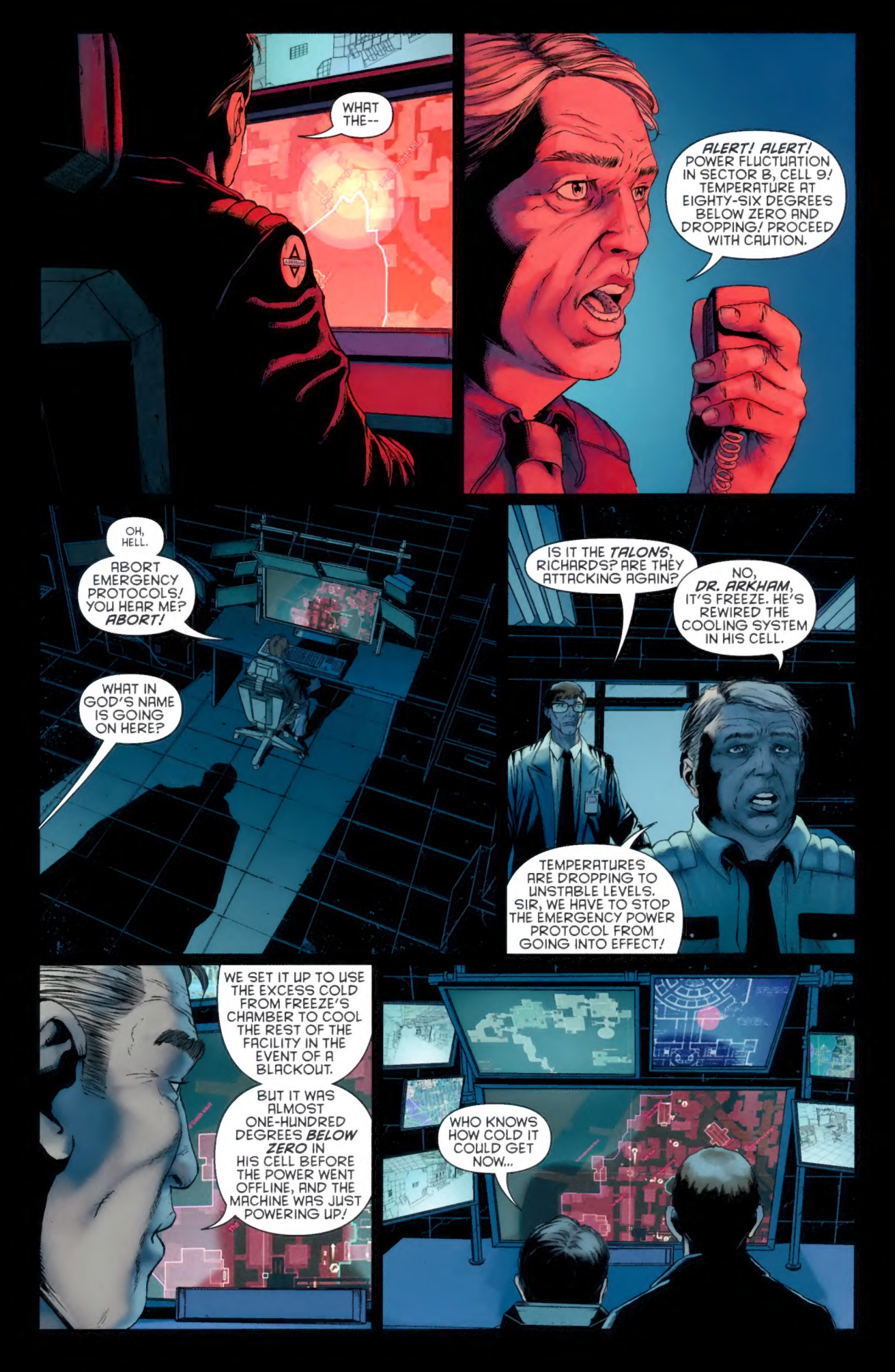
AND WE HAVE UNTIL SUNSET TO BUILD OUR SNOWMAN, SILLY. THAT'S NEARLY TWO HOURS YET!
LOOK AROUND YOU--IT'S THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON. YOU SHOULD ENJOY IT BEFORE IT'S MUDDIED.
BUT OUR SNOWMAN NEEDS TO BE BIGGER IF ALL WE'RE USING TO DECORATE HIM IS THAT!
SARAH AND PETRA, EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE USING ALL SORTS OF TRINKETS AND--
AND THEIR SNOWMEN WILL LOOK LIKE CLOWNS WITH RED LIPS AND BIRDS WITH LONG NOSES...
...THIS IS HOW WE DID IT IN THE OLD COUNTRY, AND HOW WE WILL DO IT HERE.
WE MAKE HIS FACE FROM THIS ONE APPLE...FROM OUR OWN TREE. FROM HIS EYES TO HIS WRINKLES.
THERE IS A CRAFT TO IT, VICTOR, AN ELEGANCE THAT SPEAKS OF HOME.
FINE, FINE. BUT WE'RE MAKING HIM BIG, JUST TO BE SAFE!
HA! ALL RIGHT THEN, WE WILL MAKE HIM AS BIG AS YOU!
I MEAN BIGGER THAN ME!
SO BIG HE WILL LAST THROUGH SPRING...
...BEFORE HE...
...MELTS?


MAMMA?
MAMMA... WHERE DID YOU GO?
MAMMA, PLEASE...
...MAMMA!
"AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER, VICTOR?"

ARKHAM ASYLUM, GOTHAM CITY.
NIGHT OF THE OWLS, 12:02 AM...
VICTOR?
THE ICE *PRESERVED* HER UNTIL HELP ARRIVED.
ARKHAM
PRESERVED HER LIKE IT NOW PRESERVES *NORA?*
DO NOT SPEAK OF MY NORA.
LOOK, VICTOR. YOU SAY THESE "OWLS" TRICKED YOU, STOLE YOUR FORMULA TO BRING THEIR SOLDIERS TO LIFE AND THEN TRIED TO *KILL YOU*. BUT CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED?
YOU WERE *ASKED* TO BRING THEM TO LIFE--MAKE THE COLD *WARM* AGAIN--DON'T YOU THINK IT WAS YOUR FEELINGS FOR NORA THAT LED YOU TO SET THIS TRAP FOR *YOURSELF?*
I DO NOT WISH TO PURSUE THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING ANY FURTHER.

ALL RIGHT, VICTOR... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?
TIME.
I'M SORRY?
WHAT *TIME* IS IT, DR. KEARNEY?
A FEW MINUTES PAST MIDNIGHT. WHY DO YOU ASK?
I'M GOING TO REQUIRE YOUR CRAYON.
VICTOR... YOU KNOW THE HOSPITAL HAD IT MADE SPECIALLY, WITH *ALCOHOLIC WAX.*
YOU CAN'T FREEZE IT... CAN'T USE IT AS A WEAPON OR TOOL... SO WHAT USE COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE FOR IT?

WIRE COATING. NOW I WILL *HAVE* IT FROM YOU.
YOU HURT ME, VICTOR, THEY'LL TURN THIS ROOM INTO A SAUNA SO *FAST*, YOUR--
FORGIVE ME, DOCTOR, BUT THAT WAS *NOT* A REQUEST.
KRAK
WHROOOM


WHAT THE--
ALERT! ALERT! POWER FLUCTUATION IN SECTOR B, CELL 9! TEMPERATURE AT EIGHTY-SIX DEGREES BELOW ZERO AND DROPPING! PROCEED WITH CAUTION.
OH, HELL.
ABORT EMERGENCY PROTOCOLS! YOU HEAR ME? ABORT!
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE?
IS IT THE TALONS, RICHARDS? ARE THEY ATTACKING AGAIN?
NO, DR. ARKHAM, IT'S FREEZE. HE'S REWIRED THE COOLING SYSTEM IN HIS CELL.
TEMPERATURES ARE DROPPING TO UNSTABLE LEVELS. SIR, WE HAVE TO STOP THE EMERGENCY POWER PROTOCOL FROM GOING INTO EFFECT!
WE SET IT UP TO USE THE EXCESS COLD FROM FREEZE'S CHAMBER TO COOL THE REST OF THE FACILITY IN THE EVENT OF A BLACKOUT.
BUT IT WAS ALMOST ONE-HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO IN HIS CELL BEFORE THE POWER WENT OFFLINE, AND THE MACHINE WAS JUST POWERING UP!
WHO KNOWS HOW COLD IT COULD GET NOW...

HALT RIGHT THERE--!
SNAP
SLURP

WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE, FREEZE!
COME AROUND THE CORNER WITH YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!
MY TOES! CAN'T FEEL MY--
NNNEEED FIRE. YES. YES. FIIIRE--
FREEZE! I SAID--
--HANDS OVER YOUR...
...WELL, WELL...LOOK WHO'S BEING A GOOD LITTLE MONSTER.
ALL RIGHT, THEN. TAKE HIM DOWN, BOYS!
GOOD TO SEE YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES, FREAK.
BRIAN, LOOK, THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS--
AAAGH!
IT BURNS! THE COLD...IT BURNS!

DANGEROUS
ACCESS GRANTED
SKREECHH
FARFANICK
FOOD SERVICES CO.
RIGHT ON TIME.

THE ICEBERG CASINO...
12:45 AM...
FOOD SE
CRASH!
FARGANI

RUN.

VICTOR...
...IS THIS ANY WAY TO TREAT YOUR *FRIENDS*?
WE COULD HAVE SET A MEET. I WAS EXPECTING YOUR CALL FROM THE MOMENT THE ARKHAM INCIDENT CAME ACROSS THE POLICE WIRES.
DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH THIS WILL *COST* ME?
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO TELL THE POLICE, WHO ARE NO DOUBT ONLY *MINUTES* BEHIND YOU?
THE PUBLIC ENJOYS ITS LITTLE NARRATIVES, MR. COBBLEPOT.
MOVE A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF YOUR LEGITIMATE MONEY INTO ONE OF YOUR SECRET VAULTS AND REPORT A *ROBBERY*.
THEY WILL READILY ACCEPT IT AS AN EXTENSION OF MY PERCEIVED FETISHIZATION OF *ICE*.

AN ELEGANT SOLUTION, TO BE SURE.
I HAVE TO SAY, THOUGH, VICTOR, YOU SEEM...*DIFFERENT* THIS TIME. WHAT IS IT YOU'RE AFTER?
AS A CHILD, I USED TO PERFORM MY OWN EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS FROM OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.
I WOULD FREEZE DIFFERENT PARTS OF A SPECIMEN, WETTING THEM DOWN AND ICING THEM--A PAW OR A TAIL--AND THEN WATCH THE EFFECT ON THE CREATURE'S LIFE.
BIRDS WERE THE MOST VULNERABLE SUBJECTS OF ALL. DID YOU KNOW THAT IF A BIRD LOSES EVEN A *SINGLE TOE* TO FROST-BITE, IT WILL DIE FROM HELPLESSNESS?
JUST ONE TOE.
I WAS ONLY *ASKING.*
YOU ASK WHAT I'M AFTER, OSWALD?
FREEDOM. FREEDOM FROM THIS CITY.
I HAVE BEEN ABUSED BY *BATS* AND USED BY *OWLS*, AND NOW ALL I WANT IS TO SETTLE MY SCORES ONCE AND FOR ALL--RETRIEVE MY WIFE, MY NORA, AND LEAVE THIS WRETCHED PLACE BEHIND FOREVER.
MORE PRESSINGLY, THOUGH...
...I'M AFTER MY *GUNS.*
WAH WAH-- SEE, MY FRIEND...
...*THAT* SOUNDS LIKE THE VICTOR I KNOW.

NOW, LET'S MAKE THIS "ROBBERY" LOOK *REAL*, VICTOR. I WON'T BE PERSECUTED ON YOUR BEHALF.
AS YOU WISH.
BUT MR. COBBLEPOT...
NO!
AND NOW FOR *VENGEANCE.*
VENGEANCE ON THE MAN WHO STOLE MY NORA FROM ME...

WAYNE TOWER LABORATORIES
SIX YEARS AGO...
"...VENGEANCE ON BRUCE WAYNE."
DR. VICTOR FRIES, I PRESENT TO YOU THE PRODIGAL SON, BRUCE WAYNE.
DR. FRIES RUNS THE SMALL CRYONICS LAB WE KEEP BENEATH THE LABORATORIES PROPER. FROZEN HEADS ABOUND.
DOCTOR, I'M GIVING MR. WAYNE A TOUR OF HIS KINGDOM, IF YOU WILL. HE ONLY RECENTLY RETURNED TO GOTHAM.
RIGHT. OF COURSE. YOU WERE VACATIONING, I TAKE IT?
THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LUCIUS?
DR. FRIES, MR. WAYNE HAS BEEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY FOR QUITE SOME TIME.
FORGIVE ME. ADMITTEDLY, I DON'T GET OUT OF THE LABORATORY VERY OFTEN. I NOW RECALL SOMETHING IN THE LOCAL NEWS ABOUT IT. YOUR RETURN, I MEAN.
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT, DOCTOR. FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOU'RE DOING IMPORTANT WORK DOWN HERE.
YES, YES WE ARE. THE ADVANCEMENTS WE'VE MADE IN THE SLOW-HEATING PROCESS OF CRYO-PRESERVED INDIVIDUALS--
SLOW-HEATING? LUCIUS, I THOUGHT THE LAB WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MOVING AWAY FROM CRYONICS, FROZEN MUMMIES AND ALL THAT, TOWARDS NEWER, MORE SPECIALIZED FIELDS. LIKE ORGAN VITRIFICATION.
IN FACT, WEREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO TRANSFER THE REST OF THESE OLD CRYO-PRESERVED BODIES HERE TO THE GOTHAM UNIVERSITY BIO-LAB?
I FEEL I WAS PRETTY DIRECT IN SAYING I WASN'T COMFORTABLE CONTINUING WITH THIS LINE OF RESEARCH.
MR. WAYNE, WE CAN DO BOTH! WE CAN PURSUE NEW FIELDS LIKE VITRIFICATION WHILE STILL PURSUING OUR ORIGINAL RESEARCH ON THE REANIMATION OF CRYO-PRESERVED INDIVIDUALS.
BOTH...WELL, BE CAREFUL, DOCTOR. AND KNOW THAT YOU'LL BE UNDER CLOSE EXAMINATION UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR PROJECTS DOWN HERE.

...I SHOULD GET BACK TO MY WORK.
MR. WAYNE. MR. FOX.
DR. FRIES--
THAT'S OKAY, LUCIUS. DR. FRIES, FORGIVE ME IF I WAS OVER-STEPPING MY BOUNDS.
BEING AWAY SO LONG, MY SOCIAL GRACES NEED A GOOD REFRESHER COURSE. IT WAS A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.
STAY WARM DOWN HERE.

MY NORA...DON'T WORRY. THEY WON'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME.
I WON'T *LET* THEM.
NOT UNTIL I'VE FOUND A WAY TO BRING YOU *BACK.*
THERE IS A *CURE* FOR YOUR HEART NOW, MY LOVE. A NEWLY DEVELOPED OPERATION. ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO BRING YOU BACK TO ME. AND I'M CLOSE, NORA. *VERY CLOSE.*
FOR SO LONG, THE COLD HAS KEPT YOU, HELD YOU FAST. BUT SOON I WILL WAKE YOU FROM YOUR SLEEP LIKE A QUEEN IN A STORYBOOK...

"...AND PULL YOU FROM THE ICE."
NORA...
I'VE DONE IT, MY DARLING. I'VE CREATED THE PERFECT FORMULA.
IT WORKED ON THE COURT OF OWLS' UNDEAD SOLDIERS. IT SHOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO BRING US TOGETHER.
NO...
...WAYNE... WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU--
SORRY, BUT MR. WAYNE IS OUT FOR THE EVENING...

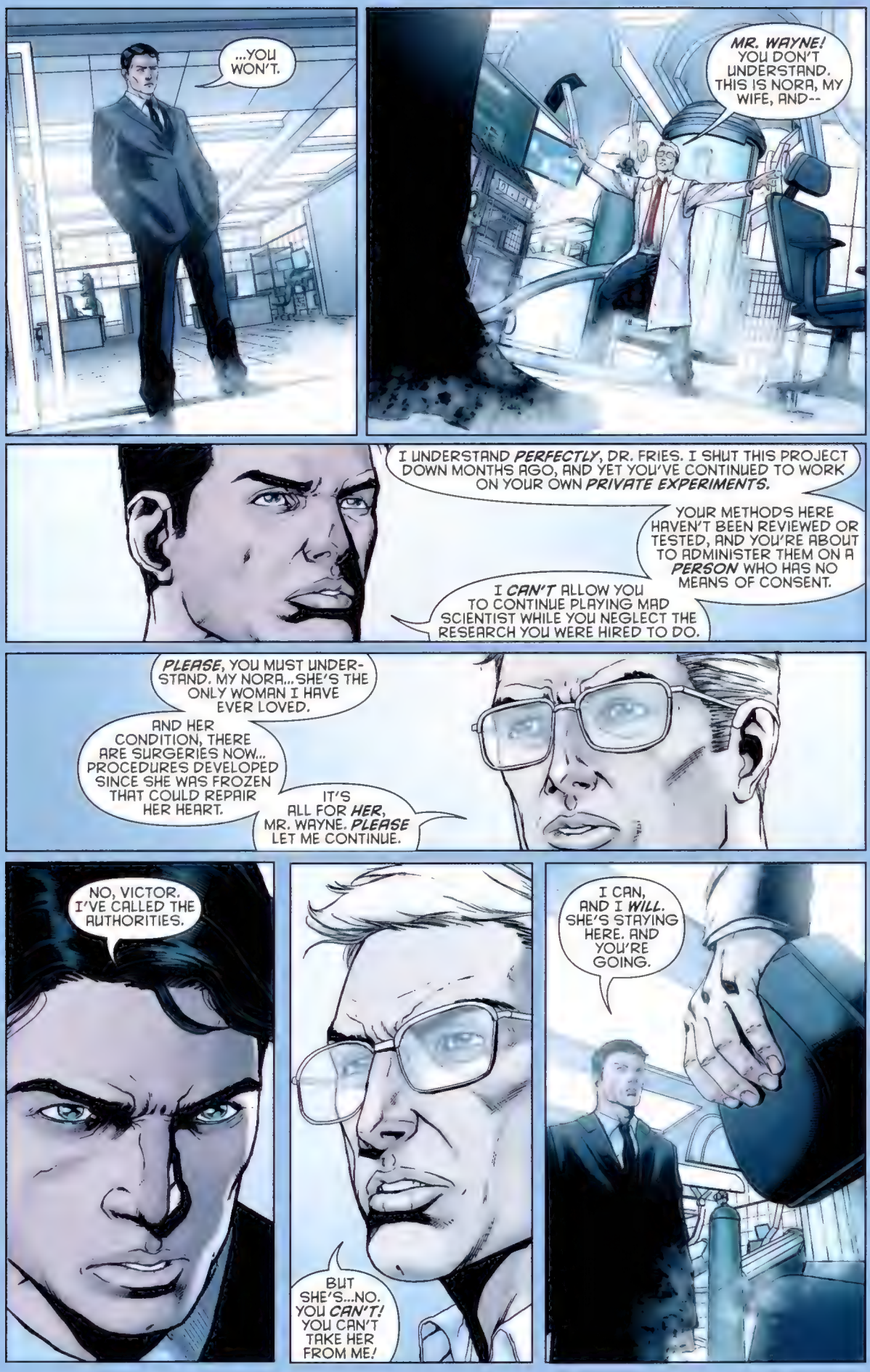
...HELL, I DON'T THINK ANYONE HAS BEEN DOWN IN THIS LAB FOR *MONTHS*.
THE ONLY REASON IT'S STILL HERE AT ALL IS THAT THERE AREN'T A LOT OF PLACES TO SEND A BOATLOAD OF *HUMAN ICICLES*.
SO IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR JOB BACK, MR. FREEZE, I DON'T THINK THEY'RE HIRING.
THIS IS A *PRIVATE VENDETTA*, NIGHTWING. IT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU.
TELL ME WHERE TO FIND MY WIFE AND THE MAN WHO TOOK HER FROM ME, AND WE'LL HAVE NO QUARREL.
YEEEAAAH. THAT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
ENOUGH WITH THE BANTER, NIGHTWING. LET'S GET TO WORK.

SO BE IT.
KRAK
BUT YOU'VE ALREADY HAD YOUR FUN WITH THE COURT, HAVEN'T YOU? HA!
IF YOU REALLY WANTED SOME ATTENTION TONIGHT, ALL YOU NEEDED TO DO WAS PUT ON AN OWL MASK.
KEEP LAUGHING...
...ALTHOUGH THAT MIGHT BE DIFFICULT...
KRRRAACK

UH OH
...WHEN YOUR LUNGS FREEZE INSIDE YOUR CHEST!
OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...
...WON'T THE TWO OF YOU JUST SHUT UP?
ROBIN, NO!
AARGH!
I HAVE NO DOUBT YOUR BENEFACTOR HAS THE MEANS TO THAW OUT YOUR FRIEND.
BUT IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I REQUIRE, I'LL SHATTER HIS ARM IN MY FIST.

VICTOR, IT'S BRUCE WAYNE. LET THE BOY GO.
WAYNE. SHOW YOUR FACE!
TAKE THE ELEVATOR UP TO THE PENTHOUSE, VICTOR. WE CAN STILL TALK THIS THROUGH. MAN TO MAN.
I GUARANTEE YOU, MR. WAYNE...
...TALKING IS NOT ON THE AGENDA.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GO AFTER HIM, YOU IDIOT!
CALM DOWN, ROBIN... BATMAN WANTS TO SETTLE THIS DIRECTLY. JUST THE TWO OF THEM.
"IT'S TIME, NORA. TIME FOR US TO BE TOGETHER..."

...I'VE WAITED SO LONG.
BUT THIS--THIS *NEW COMPOUND* IS EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, MY LOVE.
AND IT WILL WORK. I *WILL* BRING YOU BACK.
NO, VICTOR...


...YOU WON'T.
MR. WAYNE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THIS IS NORA, MY WIFE, AND--
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, DR. FRIES. I SHUT THIS PROJECT DOWN MONTHS AGO, AND YET YOU'VE CONTINUED TO WORK ON YOUR OWN PRIVATE EXPERIMENTS.
YOUR METHODS HERE HAVEN'T BEEN REVIEWED OR TESTED, AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO ADMINISTER THEM ON A PERSON WHO HAS NO MEANS OF CONSENT.
I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO CONTINUE PLAYING MAD SCIENTIST WHILE YOU NEGLECT THE RESEARCH YOU WERE HIRED TO DO.
PLEASE, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND. MY NORA... SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN I HAVE EVER LOVED.
AND HER CONDITION, THERE ARE SURGERIES NOW... PROCEDURES DEVELOPED SINCE SHE WAS FROZEN THAT COULD REPAIR HER HEART.
IT'S ALL FOR HER, MR. WAYNE. PLEASE LET ME CONTINUE.
NO, VICTOR. I'VE CALLED THE AUTHORITIES.
BUT SHE'S...NO. YOU CAN'T! YOU CAN'T TAKE HER FROM ME!
I CAN, AND I WILL. SHE'S STAYING HERE. AND YOU'RE GOING.

NO!
VICTOR, GET OUT OF THE WAY!
AAAHHH!
NOOO.... RRRAA.
NORA...
"THIS IS *INCREDIBLE*, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT."

THE CHEMICALS SEEM TO HAVE RADICALLY ALTERED HIS BIOLOGY...IT'S AS THOUGH EACH INDIVIDUAL SKIN CELL IS CAPTURING AND STORING THE COLD.
HIS BODY TEMPERATURE IS RUNNING AT TWENTY-THREE DEGREES FAHRENHEIT, IT SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO STILL BE ALIVE...IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE SUIT, I'M NOT SURE HE WOULD BE.
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE EXPOSED HIMSELF TO ANY KIND OF HEAT?
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY FOR SURE, BUT I THINK HE'D BOIL ALIVE.
WHUH--
QUIET. HE'S WAKING UP.. WHERE ARE THE GOGGLES?
WHUH--
HERE, THESE SHOULD HELP THE PAIN...YOUR EYES HAVEN'T QUITE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE FROM THE REST OF YOUR BODY.
YOU'LL NEED TO KEEP THESE ON AT ALL TIMES TO PREVENT YOUR EYES FROM FREEZING IN THEIR SOCKETS.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ME? YOU'VE BEEN IN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT...IT'S A MIRACLE YOU SURVIVED AT ALL, MR. FRIES.
MY GOD! HE'S BREAKING OUT!
NO PLE--AAGH!
WAYNE...
...BRUCE WAYNE!

"...I'M COMING FOR *YOU*."
YOU *CANNOT HIDE* FROM ME, MR. WAYNE.
YOU WILL GIVE ME BACK MY...
...NORA?

IT'S OVER VICTOR.

PUT DOWN THE GUN AND SURRENDER. NOW.
TSSSS
YOU WILL NOT KEEP ME FROM MY NORA, BATMAN.
ENOUGH!

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY MEN AND WOMEN YOU'VE *KILLED* TONIGHT, VICTOR?
HOW MANY OF THEM HAD *FAMILIES?*
LOVED ONES OF THEIR OWN?
YOU CLAIM TO ACT OUT OF LOVE. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND THE *MEANING* OF THE EMOTION!
LOVE REQUIRES EMPATHY. SYMPATHY. *COMPASSION.*
THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE YOU BUT *ICE AND HATE.*
IT'S OVER, VICTOR. YOU'RE *FINISHED.*
THIS ISN'T OVER UNTIL I OIL MY SUIT WITH *WAYNE'S BLOOD*, AND WALK OUT THE DOOR WITH MY *WIFE.*

CSSSH
MY NORA...I HAVE CREATED THE PERFECT FORMULA, AND THOSE DAMN OWLS EVEN *TESTED* IT FOR US.
YOU'LL BE IN MY ARMS SOON ENOUGH, AS WE STAND OVER WAYNE'S CORPSE--
MR. WAYNE IS FAR AWAY. SAFE FROM YOU.
SOON NORA WILL BE, TOO.

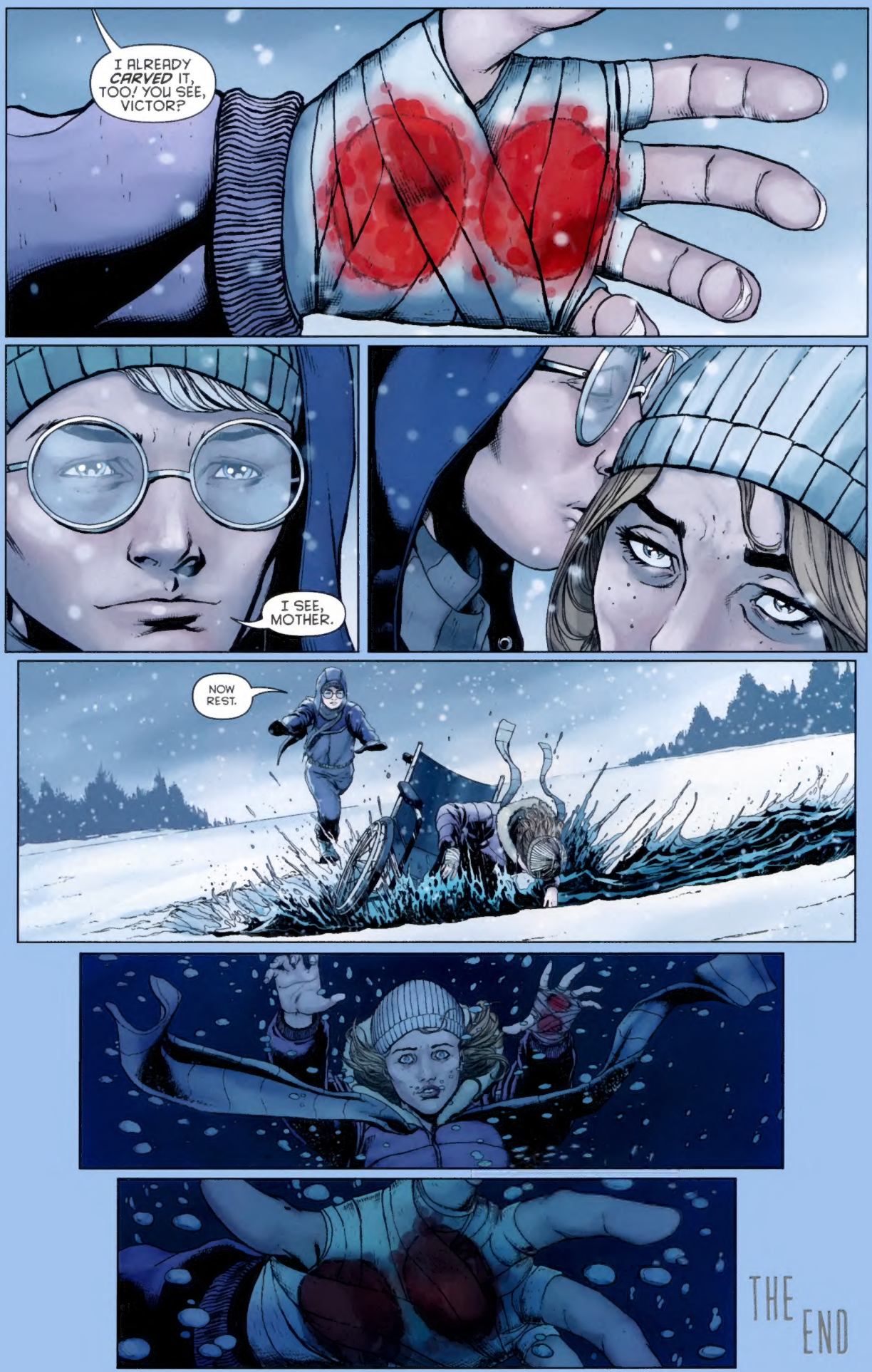
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE MEDDLING WITH, BATMAN.
I WILL NOT LET YOU WALK OUT THE DOOR WITH HER.
YOU HAVE *NO RIGHT* TO STAND BETWEEN A MAN AND THE WOMAN HE LOVES!
VICTOR, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT WOMAN IS *NOT YOUR WIFE.*
I LOVE HER.
HOW COULD YOU, VICTOR? YOU'VE NEVER EVEN *MET* HER.

HER NAME WAS *NORA FIELDS,* AND SHE WAS BORN IN 1943.
SHE WAS DIAGNOSED WITH AN INCURABLE HEART CONDITION WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD. SHE HAD JUST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE.
SHE WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO A YOUNG LAWYER WHEN IT HAPPENED.
HER FAMILY DECIDED TO PUT HER UNDER A NEW AND CONTROVERSIAL TREATMENT, WHERE ONE DAY SHE MIGHT AWAKEN AND FIND A *NEW LIFE* IN A FUTURE WHERE SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE AT AGE TWENTY-FIVE.
SHE WAS THE *FIRST* PERSON TO UNDERGO *CRYOGENIC STASIS*, VICTOR. YOU WROTE YOUR DOCTORAL THESIS ON HER OVER A DECADE AGO.
THE CHANCE TO STUDY HER WAS THE ENTIRE REASON YOU CAME TO WORK AT WAYNE INDUSTRIES. SHE'S BEEN IN THIS BUILDING FOR *YEARS.*
"YOU NEVER KNEW HER, AND YET YOU COME BACK, TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
"*MR. FREEZE* OUT TO SAVE HIS DYING WIFE FROM THE CRUEL BUSINESSMAN WHO TOOK HER AWAY.
"BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S A *FARCE*, VICTOR. SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR GRANDMOTHER, FOR GOD'S SAKE."

I KNOW HER BETTER THAN ANYONE, BATMAN! I LOVE HER! WE ARE MEANT TO BE TOGETHER!
YOU DON'T LOVE HER. YOU NEVER HAVE!
THUNK
YOU'RE JUST A MADMAN REACHING OUT FOR THE ILLUSION OF LOVE IN THE ONLY THING YOU'VE EVER CARED ABOUT...
...THE COLD.
YOU LOVE THE COLD, VICTOR. EVEN IF YOU DID BRING HER BACK, YOU'D END UP DESTROYING HER.
BECAUSE YOU LOVE AN IDEA, VICTOR. AN OBSESSION. AND THAT I DO UNDERSTAND.
BUT IT'S OVER. YOUR SUIT'S BEING OVERLOADED WITH YOUR PERFECT FORMULA.
THE COMPOUND YOU HOPED TO RAISE NORA WITH, JUST LIKE THE COURT OF OWLS RAISED ITS LEGION OF TALONS.

YOUR CORE BODY TEMPERATURE'S RISING RAPIDLY. I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT VERY HARD TO MOVE RIGHT NOW.
NIGHTWING. FREEZE IS DOWN.
GET THE BATMOBILE, AND WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO ARKHAM.
"HOW I LOVE THE FIRST SNOW..."
"...UNBROKEN AND WHITE..."

...BEFORE IT'S *RUINED* BY FOOTPRINTS.
WE'RE OFF TO THE SNOWMAN CONTEST AGAIN, AREN'T WE, VICTOR?
YES, MOTHER.
BUT WHERE IS OUR APPLE? I FORGOT IT.
IT'S OKAY, MOTHER, WE CAN GET ONE THERE.
OH, SILLY ME... I GET SO CONFUSED SOMETIMES, EVER SINCE THAT ACCIDENT. WHAT ACCIDENT WAS IT, VICTOR?
NEVER MIND. I FOUND IT!
I HAVE OUR APPLE RIGHT *HERE!*


I ALREADY CARVED IT, TOO! YOU SEE, VICTOR?
I SEE, MOTHER.
NOW REST.
THE END

Extra! Extra! Read All About It!

As you may have heard, we have a little project called BEFORE WATCHMEN starting up next month. To help give you a taste of what's to come, we've been handing out special editions of The New Frontiersman. Haven't been able to get one? No problem! We've got the whole thing up on our website at newfrontiersman.net. Be sure to check in often because from now through June, we'll be revealing exclusive content every day!

FREE

NEW FRONTIERSMAN

PROUDLY SERVING REAL CITIZENS

August 2, 1977

Special Edition

JUDGEMENT DAY!

WAKE UP AMERICA!

Hector Godfrey, Editor

The inalienable right to freedom for every man, woman and child in The United States is under attack. This threat is more sinister than the aggression of communist nations, and deadlier than any warhead or artillery shell. I say this because the threat is America, that I speak of comes from America herself.

Tomorrow the government wants to pass a bill that will outlaw the costumed heroes that have protected our nation for years. If they succeed I promise you that the next step will be your right to bear arms and then the right to vote and then one day there will be no freedom left at all.

If Senator Keene's bill is passed, it will become illegal for any citizen to take matters into their own hands when faced with the onslaught of failed policy. Hooded justice is an American tradition. It is the American way to want to be more for your country in times of need. In the speech he was due to give in Dallas before his assassination President Kennedy wrote, "We, in this country, in this generation, are – by destiny rather than by choice – the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask, therefore, that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility." And now instead of embracing our destiny as Watchmen we are in danger of denying it!

And why would America want to disrupt the actions of these brave citizens like The Comedian and Rorschach that have followed in the grand tradition of the Minutemen and taken it upon themselves to defend their country at great risk to their very lives? Washington wants to stop these Watchmen because they have succeeded where bureaucracy has failed. When handling for law enforcement was mismanaged what did the police do? They went on strike! Who was there to curb the violence that followed? Nite Owl was. The Silk Spectre was. When we were directionless and losing innocent lives in Vietnam who turned the tide in our favor? Dr. Manhattan did. Who watched over us? These Watchmen did.

And now because they have been shamed in the light of truth some Senators are using the whining of lazy hippies (who fear any order that might infringe on their right to get high and shout slogans) as a cover for their vendetta against the Watchmen who have replaced them as our leaders. Do you want to live in a world where ordinary men are not asked to answer the call of greatness? When the police abandon the streets do you wait Rorschach at home doing his laundry?

Continued C1

Rorschach spotted in New York City during the riots.

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?

Op-Ed, Doug Roth

If you'd been walking the streets in New York and Washington D.C. during the riots you would have found that question scrawled in graffiti on walls in alleyways and spray painted across abandoned police cars. This philosophical plight was adopted by the masses as they resolved against the failure of their government to protect them not just from the everyday dangers all too common in our cities, but from those who have replaced our elected leaders as our self-appointed masters.

I'm talking, of course, about the costumed vigilantes and so-called 'governmental agents' who have been given free reign over our liberties. We know precious little about these men and women who meddle in our country's foreign policy, our judicial system and inside our very homes. Who are they? How did this happen? Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?

For answers I'd point you towards this month's Nova Express rather than this questionable publication that is publicly on record as granting me this space only as part of the reparations from a libel suit I filed against it. Nova Express is going to dig deeper into these questions and find out exactly where America went wrong and costumed overlords replaced due process. Where did the harmless antics of a few crimefighters and acrobats and misfits become a threat to our freedom?

We will delve into the 15th anniversary edition of Hollis Mason's autobiography UNDER THE HOOD and realize that the writing was figurative by on the wall long before it was literally there. At the time Mason's details of the Minutemen's early days were seen as melodramatic gossip mongering, but the clarity of hindsight shows that Mason and his ilk barely knew what they were doing or why they even chose their occupation, much less what the consequences would be if it all went wrong.

At best they were vigilantes, at worst they were racists and murderers. We certainly had no idea that their failings would seem tame in comparison to the potential lethality of Doctor Manhattan.

This issue also features an account of my interview with Adrian Veidt from the July 1975 issue of Nova Express. Even as recently as a few years ago it was easy to see the great Ozymandias as a sort of celebrity. Unlike his superhero cronies like Rorschach and the Comedian, at least Dr. Manhattan wanted invested in using his gifts to help mankind rather than harm it.

Continued C1

PUNKS DESTROY ENGLAND ...ARE WE NEXT?

Seymour Smith

While our country holds its collective breath on the outcome of a vote on the legality of men and women who dress in leather garb to defend the weak, a social movement in England has made golden youth dressing up in leather in the hopes of bringing down the government. They're called "punk rockers" and America could be the next place this trend takes hold. Dressed in S&M outfits and proclaiming their desire for anarchy, these punks have also given rise to an entire subculture including several bands with gaudy names like The Sex Pistols, The Clash, Kristallnacht and The Damned that support their cause and are even getting airplay on the radio! The punk way of life is infecting every aspect of life in England with its lust for violence and abolishment of authority. We've seen in the past how impressionable American youth can be when it comes to imported pop culture, will our children soon become punks addicted to drugs and looking to burn buildings down?

The admitted problems with unemployment and lacking social stability in England have given way to Punks' rise. The disenfranchised youth "movement" are much like the rioters recently seen in America. The main difference is that the streets in London have never had costumed protectors like ours have. When the punks cause their mischief nobody to turn them away like the Comedian and Nite Owl did in New York. It raises the important question of what will happen if we suddenly find ourselves in the same situation as the Brits. If our heroes go away are our children doomed?

Continued C2

Nostalgia by Veidt
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BOOK CLUB:

UNDER THE HOOD BOOK CLUB

To celebrate the anniversary of the release of *Under the Hood* by Hollis Mason the publisher is starting a book club for fans!

BEFORE WATCHMEN is truly shaping up to be one of the most exciting events we've ever seen, and we can't wait for you to read it. Go check out newfrontiersman.net and let the fun begin!

Hurm.

- Ian Sattler, DC Entertainment

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SCAN: HALO

THE PROLETARIAT

EDIT